THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
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FIVE CENTS

This Issue in Miniature

THE THEATRE: "Carmel Nights," "Julius Caesar," and "The Sea-Gull" —three productions in rehearsal; the Children's Play becomes history; Mme. Navas-Rey writes of new concepts of the theatre.

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LINOLEUM CUT BY EVERETT RUESS

Carmel News

"CARMEL NIGHTS"

Some explanations were occasioned during the week by the appearance in the "Monterey Peninsula Herald" of a paragraph stating that "Carmel Nights," Elliott Durham's Forest Theater production "promises to sweep aside the shame of society and expose all."Nothing quite so drastic is promised. It developed that the "shame" should have read "shams," but even that perhaps is equally far-fetched. What Metz Durham does promise is lively entertainment of a far from serious nature; fun in which he expects the audience to share equally with the players.

The cast includes:

Queen of the nymphs, Betty Berryman
Quits, Allen Knight
Fitts, Gordon Nelson.
Tom Scarlet, Carroll Sandholt.
Maria, Teresa Martin
Colonel Kurdy, Charles McGrath.
Clementine, Connie Heron.
Imps, Susan Brownell.
Chinese, Eleanor Watson, Jo Schoeninger and Bill Durney.
The Josselyns, Tal and Win in person.
Pon Chung, in person.
Gus, in person.
Louis Trenor, in person.
Leo Ramsey, in person.

Singing group:
Dorothy Kelly, Barbara Kelly, Charlotte Kelly, Anna Marie Baer, Jean McCarthy, Jean Johnston, Mary Douglass, Esther Wiffen, Pauline Meeks, Dorothy Sandholt, Ray Hallsner, Harold McLane, George Stephens, Everett Smith, Cecil Haskell, Albert Campbell.

Dance Chorus:
Jane E. Foster, Barbara M. Norman, Agnes Parker, Vera Hunter, Mary Meyer, Mildred Pearson, Betty Joyce, Barbara Joyce, Janet Sayers, Ada Whiffin, Ruth Whiffin, and Viola Parker.

"Carmel Nights" opens a three-night run next Thursday, July thirty-first. Tickets are now available at Stanifords.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAY

Last Thursday and Friday, the Forest Theater forgot past Indian splendors and ignored Shakespearean dignity to come, while the children of Carmel staged their annual play.

"Over the Fairy Line," written and directed by Blanche Tolmie, was a vehicle eminently suited to the setting and the fanciful capabilities of the child-actors. Without weighty substance, it plainly attracted the children's imaginations; with them it was play, "supervised play" perhaps, but fun withal. The audienece was immaterial.

It would be invidious to single out any single player for special praise. The presentation was uniformly smooth and if analysis were in order, praise would go rather to Miss Tolmie and her associates for hours of painstaking coaching apparent in the precision of movement and certainty of line.

It is to be regretted that larger audiences were not in attendance. Although in no sense in measure of its success, the play should have had greater support. To be sure, the summer brings a plentitude of dramatic divertissements, but none more richly deserving and worth-while than the annual children's play.

GIRL SCOUT TEA

With characteristic energy and enthusiasm, the Carmel Girl Scouts are making preparations for the bridge-tea to be given at the Scout House next Tuesday afternoon at two.

The charge will be fifty cents per person, all receipts to go to the Scout Council funds. Reservation may be made by telephoning Carmel 741.

BENEFIT LECTURE

About eighty people listened to an instructive and entertaining lecture on Japan at Hotel La Playa last Sunday evening. The speaker, Dr Roy H. Akagi, was thoroughly qualified to deal with his subject, particularly in the aspects having the greatest appeal to a casual audience.

The lecture was arranged by Miss Effie McFarland to aid the Japanese mission in Monterey to pay off a building loan. A collection following the lecture netted forty dollars, which, after deducting the speaker's actual travelling expenses from Oakland, was given to the mission.

Fred Godwin made no charge for the use of La Playa, and the lecturer waived his customary fee.

Further assistance is needed by the small Japanese community in Monterey to meet their obligations. Contributions to this end may be sent to Chaplain Branham at Monterey Presidio.

BARBECUE

Mr. and Mrs. K. D. McFarland, who conduct the Carmelo Ranch School for Boys in Carmel Valley, have arranged a barbecue for next Sunday noon to which friends of the school are invited. An exhibition of horsemanship will follow.

Carmelo School is situated fourteen miles up the valley road which is now in good condition.

THE COAST HIGHWAY

Not only will the present prison camps be continued on the Carmel-San Simeon all-Coast scenic highway project, but a substantial appropriation for additional contract work is proposed as part of the next State budget, according to statements recently made by Governor C. C. Young while in Carmel as guest of John B. Jordan at Pine Inn.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Sunday, July twenty-seventh:

8:00 am. A quiet half-hour service. The celebration of the Holy Communion.

9:45 a.m. Church School. One hour program with lessons based on Old and New Testaments.

11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon by the Vicar. Organ Prelude on synchronized Radio-Victrola combination—also offertory Anthem sung by Trinity Choir, New York.

7:30 p.m. Informal Service in the Parish House. Those who come are invited to bring their Bible for the Round Table" reading.

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Post Office Box 1271
Telephone Carmel 215-J

AFIELD AND ASTREAM WITH THE GIRL SCOUTS

"Strap your pack to your back
With a sandwich for a snack
And we'll take to the road with a song.
Through the brush, through the brake
When the day is first awake
And the Girl Scouts are hiking along."

This and many other lilting refrains are echoing through Carmel and the surrounding country these summer days as the Girl Scouts go tramping with knapsacks and bathing suits to the river.

It is just possible that a few sleepy individuals had their pleasant dreams interrupted by just such a song as this one June morning at a little before five. The morning happened to be a wet one, but the high spirits of the fourteen hikers (thirteen and "Amos") showed no signs of being dampened as they trooped down Lincoln street en route to the river and their favorite pool amongst the willows. What a lark to be up with the sun, and away before the rest of the world was astir, with a hearty breakfast stowed away in their packs to be cooked over a campfire of dry willow boughs.

Yes, the Girl Scouts are busy hiking, swimming and camping. Every Monday morning they meet at their Scout House and plan new things to do. They are also busily working their First and Second Class tests, and it is hoped that by the end of the summer holiday there will be many more Scouts sporting well earned badges on their uniform sleeves.

Two weeks ago, a group of girls accompanied by their leader and Mrs. Meckinstock, camped over night by the river's edge some seven or eight miles up the Carmel Valley. This particular spot which the girls have christened "Camp Willow," is situated on a ranch owned by Mr. McDonald—a more ideal spot for a night spent in the open could hardly been found. Again they had to put up with a damp fog which came down like rain in the early morning, but tucked away between their blankets and with canvas both above and below they kept snug and dry.

The next day was spent in hiking, swimming, cooking and eating, the last mentioned being exceptionally popular. And the Carmel scouts are not the only ones taking advantage of summer vacation. Across the Peninsula their sisters in Pacific Grove have caught up the refrain and sent it ringing over hill and dale as they go hiking to the woods or beaches. Have you ever tasted "Ring-Tum-Diddy?"—if not, just ask a Pacific Grove Scout to cook you some. She knows how!

Last week six girls from this troop together with their captain and Miss Glenna Peck (and of course, "Amos") made an over-night excursion to Camp Willow. They were more fortunate than the previous group had been for it was a beautiful starlight night. Before turning in they had all learned to find the North Star by the "Pointers" of the "Big Dipper," and some had succeeded in locating the "Little Dipper" and "Draco"—that monster of the sky which lies between the two Dippers.

Next Saturday, the Pacific Grove Troop is planning a hike to the Del Monte outdoor plunge, to practice for their swimmer's badge. They expect to have a picnic lunch on the way and to be gone all day.

Both the Carmel and Pacific Grove Girl Scouts are eager to have visiting Girl Scouts from other troops join them at their meetings and on their hikes and overnight camping trips. For any information concerning time and place, telephone Miss Betty Phillips at the Girl Scout House in Carmel. The number is 370-R.

—G.S.

LIBRARY FINANCES

Following is the financial report of the Harrison Memorial Library Trustees for the fiscal year ended June thirtieth:

Balance July 1, 1929	$4,279.43
Receipts:-	
Taxes 1929	7,988.41
Petty Cash A/c. (fines, etc.)	200.00
Monterey County	195.00
Estate of Mrs. B. M. Kluegel	1,181.69
Woman's Club (books ordered)	19.89
Sale of chairs	25.00
Refunds	3.28
Total	$13,897.20
Disbursements:-	
Fuel	106.02
Light	275.98
Water	80.65
Supplies	289.36
Books	2,476.30
Binding	462.45
Insurance	478.95
Sundry Expenses	3 30.66
Grounds	249.00
Fixtures	680.98
Total	$9,930.03
Balance, June 30, 1930	3,967.17
Total	$13,897.20

The total circulation for the past year was 55,456, as against 39,738 volumes for the preceding year—an increase of forty per cent.

Registered borrowers on July first numbered 2,083, in comparison with 1,145 on the same date a year ago—an increase of forty-four per cent.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

(From a Correspondent)

The perennially fascinating theme that The Greatest Thing in the World is Love will be the subject of a sermon by the Reverend T. Harold Grimshaw on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. A reverent and beautiful service of worship is being planned to express in every particular this supremacy of Love. And it is with the gladsome spirit of summertime that cordial invitations are being extended to all visitors sojourning in our lovely Carmel. The Community Church is the church of all creeds. " We think and let think."

Divine worship will be ordered as follows:

Orchestral Prelude: "Morning Mood" from "Peer Gynt" (Grieg).
Congregational Song of Praise.
Recitation of Apostle's Creed.
Pastoral Prayer and the "Our Father."
Responsive Reading and Gloria Patria
New Testament Lesson: Paul's Chant of Love, from the Moffat version.
Ministry of Music: The Love Motif from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," together with a brief literary appreciation and a recording of the selection by the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and artsts.
Sermon: "These Three, but the Greatest of These is Love."
Closing Hymn of Devotion.
Benediction of the Cross and Doxology.

SECOND SEASON
WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITALS
CARMEL PLAYHOUSE
11 TO 12

Wednesday, July 30:
LAWRENCE STRAUSS, TENOR

Following at weekly intervals:
OLIN DOWNES
Critic and Lecturer

CHARLES COOPER
Pianist

FREDERIC P. SEARCH
Cellist
ARTHUR CONRADI
Violinist

ALLEN BIER
Pianist
WILLETTE ALLEN
Dansuese

Tickets, $5.00 for the Series; Single admission, $1.50, on sale at Lial's Music Shop. Telephone 818-J.

SECOND SEASON OF MORNING RECITALS

An unusually large audience for the hour assembled yesterday morning in the Carmel Playhouse for the inauguration of the Wednesday Morning Recital series, and judging from the enthusiastic applause and favorable comments overheard in the foyer and the patio after the recital, the affair was entirely entertaining.

The two artists appearing in the recital —Annie Louise David, harpist, and Eva Gruninger Atkinson, contralto—were well selected for the occasion and their program contained numbers which, because of popular appeal, were suitable for the opening of the music festival. This combination of harp and voice was effective and the alteration of numbers produced a variety which sustained interest throughout.

The audience was pleased with the charming personality of Miss David, as well as taken with her golden instrument. Of her numbers, the outstanding were "Lake Louise," a selection written for her by the modern Russian, Kostelanetz; her own arrangement of the "Prize Song" from "Der Meistersingers" and the Ware-David "Sea Poem." In these numbers she revealed musicianship equal to the rich possibilities of her instrument. Equally interesting were her Chinese arrangements, "Po-Ling and Ming-Toy" and "A Day in China." Throughout the program, in both her solo numbers and acompaniments, her work contained a feeling of spontaneity and freshness and a clear singing quality of tone.

The performance of Miss Atkinson was likewise satisfying, especially so in her lighter, more humorous numbers. It seemed in this performance that both her range and quality of tone belong rather to the soprano than the contralto tones in the higher range, particularly noticeable in her *pianissimo* singing. In all her numbers, she revealed technical skill and a fine interpretive feling. Her rendition of MacDowell's "Idyll" pleased the audience exceedingly, and her encore could not have been more charming nor a more appropriate conclusion of this delightful program.

A feeling of informality and gayety prevailed throughout the performance, indicating approval of the summer music festival idea which, being fostered by a large number of Carmel's lovers of music, promises to be one of the outstanding events of the summer season.

—A. M. B.

Lawrence Strauss, tenor, is to appear in recital at the Playhouse next Wednesday in the second concert of the Wednesday morning series. Previous appearances in Carmel render unnecessary any extended mention of Strauss' capabilities as an artist. His progam for next Wednesday appears on page six of this issue.

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"THE SEA-GULL" IN REHEARSAL

Rehearsals for "The Sea-Gull" are going on steadily at the Playhouse. The cast is one of the strongest ever assembled in Carmel, including Morris Ankrum, Mina Quevli, Moroni Olsen, Galt Bell Sally Jaggar, Mrs. Blair Gordon Newell and Edward G. Kuster, with a few of the roles not yet definitely assigned.

"The Sea-Gull" is the first of the famous Tchekov plays to be produced in Carmel. It is the work upon which the fame of the Moscow Art Theatre was primarily grounded.

The play will be performed on the eighth, ninth and tenth of August at Carmel Playhouse.

"IULIUS CAESAR"

Herbert, actor-producer (and only incidentally Mayor of Carmel) is quietly at work shaping the production of "Julius Caesar," to be given at the Forest Theater August eighteenth and nineteenth. Among those who have been assigned parts are:

Vasia Anikeeff, Betty Ankersmit, Morris Ankrum, Annie Marie Baer, Hortense Berry, Elaine Carter, Leonard Coski, James Darling, H. F. Dickinson, B. F. Dixon, James Fitzgerald, Alex Gibson, David Goddard, Margaret Grant, Constance Heron, Bonnie Hamlin, Vern Hamlin, Guy Koepp, Gordon Nelson, Stuart O'Brien, William O'Donnell, Robert Parrott, Herbert Pattie, Ruth Marion Poor, Mina Quevli, Virginia Rockwell, L. A. Ross, Edna Sheridan, Jean Thompson, Nan Thompson, Blanche Tolmie, John Terry, Olivia Warfield, Eugene Watson, Morris Wild.

OPEN 10 TO 5

THE CARMEL ART GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SAILING SHIPS BY JACK CALVIN

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BY MARC CONNELLY --- 1930 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

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HENRY COWELL SERIES JULY 25-28

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBIT NOW ON

MORONI OLSEN BRINGS BROADWAY TO CARMEL

Moroni Olsen will give a reading of "The Green Pastures," Pulitzer prize play for 1930, at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Saturday evening, July twenty-sixth.

Robert Littell, writing in the New York "World" has summed up the elements which have entered into the remarkable success of this play, as follows:

"It is something at once so moving, so intimately childlike and majestic, that you feel you have spent an evening, not in a modern theatre, but in the mind of some negro as he sat listening to his preacher tell the story, with explanations and little touches out of every-day life, of the Lord's long battle with the sinful humans He created.

"It will move you to tears, and make you gasp with the simple beauty of Old Testament pageantry, and gives you a sort of laughter you never had before. Simply and briefly, it is one of the finest things that the theatre of our generation has seen."

Current reports from New York indicate that the play is enjoying such success that reservations three weeks in advance are necessary. Competent critics agree that the publicity resulting from the Pulitzer award is only a minor factor in the drawing power of the production; the appeal lies in the elemental material of the play itself.

At the hands of Moroni Olsen, an authentic presentation of the play is assured. He is director of the Moroni Olsen Players, the First Circuit Repertory Company, which this season goes on tour with St. John Ervine's "The Ship." Mr. Olsen is recognized as a director and actor of solid ability, unfailingly giving masterful and distinguished presentations. His company, of high professional standing, is one of the leading Little Theatre groups of the country, and their work for the last seven years has been a vital force in developing the taste and appreciation for the drama.

The reading of "The Green Pastures" on Saturday evening will begin at eight-thirty. The usual Gallery admission charge of one dollar will apply.

THE ARK SCENE FROM "THE GREEN PASTURES"

Linoleum cut by HAZEL WATROUS

CARMEL NIGHTS

A COLORFUL MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA OF CARMEL'S FADS AND FOIBLES

GIRLS !

DANCING ! !

LIFE ! ! !

LAUGHTER ! ! ! !

Written and directed by ELLIOTT DURHAM

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Seats Reserved at Staniford's

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SATURDAY, " 2

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CUT BY MOIRA WALLACE

LAWRENCE STRAUSS' PROGRAM FOR NEXT WEDNESDAY

FOLK SONGS:

Belle, Qui Tiens Ma Vie ..... Early French: Arr. by Weckerlin
Jardin d'Amour ..... Popular French: Arr. by Vuillermoz
Ach Moder Ich Will En Ding Han ..... Lower Rhine: Arr. by Brahms
The Bens of Jura ..... Hebridian: Arr. by Kennedy-Fraser

Les Papilons Coleur de Niege ..... d'Ambrosio
Amour d'Anton ..... Chausson
Colloque Sentimentale ..... Debussy
Serenade from "Le Roi d'Ys" ..... Lalo

Psalm 137 ..... Ernest Bloch

Der Doppelganger (The Wraith) ..... Schubert
An Die Laute (To the Lute) ..... Schubert
Traum Durch Die Dammerung (Dream in the Twilight) ..... Richard Strauss
Zueignung (Devotion) ..... Richard Strauss

Lyric (Tagore) ..... Alexander Russell
On a Singing Girl (Elinor Wiley) ..... Constance Herreshoff
The Pool of Quietness (Grace Wallace) ..... Thomas Vincent Cator
The Sea Shell (Amy Lowell) ..... Carl Engel
The Pipes of Gordon's Men (J. Scott Glasgow) ..... Wm. G. Hammond

EXHIBIT OF THE CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION

A representative exhibit of work by members of the Carmel Art Association now lines the walls of the Denny-Watrous Gallery, where it will remain until September. The exhibit, first to be held by the association during the current year, was inaugurated on Saturday with a reception at which over two hundred were present.

Catalogued for the exhibit are the following works:-

Burton S. Boundey—"A Fishing Crew"
Burton S. Boundey—' Golden Hills"
H. C Brown—"A Mediterranean Port"
Joan A. Burke—"Jay—Airedale"
Joan A. Burke—"Jimmie—Boston Terrier"
J. Vennestrom Cannon—"The Lone Pine"
Ada Belle Champlin—"A Leafy Road"
Wickliffe C. Covington—"Dahlias"
J. M. Culbertson—"On the Lagoon"
I. Maynard Curtis—"A French Village"
I. Maynard Curtis—"Across the Poppy-fields"
I. Maynard Curtis—"Dancing Oaks"
Homer Emens—"Edge of the Dunes"
A. F. Gay—"A Street"
A. F. Gay—"Serra Mass"
Arthur Hill Gilbert—"Duneland, Monterey"
Chapel Judson—"Monterey Bay"
George Kotch—"Last Snow"
George Kotch—"Sea and Rocks"
George Kotch—"Surf, Carmel Coast"
Homer F. Levinson—"Carmel Bay"
Charlotte Morgan—"Flowers"
M. DeNeale Morgan—"Cypress"
C. E. Mortan—"A Trio"
L. H. Peabody—"Still Life"
L. H. Peabody—"Gloucester Fishing Boats"
William Ritschel—"Peaceful Coast, Carmel"
William Ritschel—"South Seas"
Mary Herrick Ross—"Bishop Begonias"
Catherine Seideneck—"Moorings"
George J. Seideneck—"Emerald Bay"
Celia B. Seymour—"The River"
Julie Stohr—"Baigneurs a la Mer"
Julie Stohr—"La Rotunde"
Juie Stohr—"Still Life"
Elizabeth Strong—"Canton Tote"
Julie Stohr—"First Snow"
Elizabeth Strong—"An Old Cypress"
E. Terry—"Point Lobos"
E. Terry—"Sally's, Carmel"
Richard T. Toggart—"The Mojave"
Paul Whitman—"Surf Fisherman"
L. D. Whiffin—"Carmel Waters"
L. D. Whiffin—"Sea Off Point Lobos"
L. D. Whiffin—"Cypress"
L. D. Whiffin—"Sherman's Headquarters"
C. F. Winchell—"View from the Mesa, Monterey"

In Old Monterey

from the painting by M. DeNeale Morgan

FURTHER PRAISE FOR MR. SILVA

The "Christian Science Monitor" of July tenth reproduced on large scale the painting by William P Silva, "Sunset, Carmel Bay," and in an accompanying comment said:

"This remarkable painting. . . was awarded the Appreciation Prize, or Popular Vote Prize, at the tenth annual exhibition of the Southern States Art League, held at New Orleans in April of this year. It shows both the skill of the artist and the glory of the scene. The rugged grace of cypresses, centuries old, and the austerity of gray rocks against the delicate glitter of sunset, are apparent even in reproduction, though of course the lovely coloring of the original painting must be left to inadequate words.

"The promontory known as Point Lobos ("Point of the Wolves") is one of the finest and most paintable scenes in California. Huge masses of rock jut into the Pacific. The wonderfully clear water leaps upon them, flinging white spray high into the air. Cypress trees are twisted and gnarled because of their age-old battle with winds and waves, and their struggle to keep a firm grip on inhospitable rocks. Sea-fig, with starry blossoms, clings to the cliffs; and lichen hangs on old tree trunks.

"In the original painting, the rocks are a warm gray. The upper sky also is a warm gray where a mass of "high fog," often seen in summer, clings like a curtain. The sun is almost ready to set, and its ruddy golden light is shining out between the billows of 'high fog' and 'low fog,' making a bright path across the sea. The water in the foreground of the picture, where long breakers curl, is a wonderful transparent green, while the water nearer the horizon shows faint tints of green and silver-gray. Trunks of the old cypresses are dark gray, and their foliage is gray-green. This color scheme is a very uncommon one, for the ocean, which is usually a deep blue at Point Lobos has caught delicate tints from fog and misty sunlight at this sunset hour. It is a summer sunset, when the stormy old Point seems drowsy, bathed in warmth and light, and the great rhythmic breakers add to the restful beauty of the scene In this unusual recording of a well-loved coast, the artist has rendered a rare combination of ruggedness and delicacy."

AT THE MORGAN STUDIO

The exhibition of paintings of Carmel gardens recently held at the Carmel Art Gallery in the Court of the Seven Arts is being continued in the Studio of M. De Neale Morgan, Lincoln street, next to Hotel La Ribera. The public is cordially invited to visit the exhibition during July and August.

Some of M. De Neale Morgan's new canvasses of Point Lobos and the Seventeen Mile Drive are also on view.

SCIENTIFIC PREVENTION OF CRIME

From an article by H. H. Dunn in "Popular Science Monthly," Dr. Reynolds, mentioned below, is an occasional visitor to Carmel and spoke here several months ago on the subject of his work at San Quentin.

The surgeon's knife and the laboratory test tube have entered the campaign against crime. Experimental researches, carried on over a number of years and beginning to show results in control and reform institutions this summer, indicate that criminal tendencies may be eradicated, development of the criminal averted, and the established criminal restored to normal by medical and surgical treatment.

Most of the work which has resulted in this astounding discovery has been done in schools for "backward," or "wayward," children in San Francisco, and among the inmates of San Quentin prison in Caliornia. Looking into the causes of criminal behavior, Dr. Ralph A. Reynolds, of San Francisco has opened a door which apparently leads not only to the prevention of crime, but to the reformation of the adult criminal. Confirmation of the value of treatment of criminal tendency by surgery and medicine awaits the test of time, but in the five years so far devoted to this work results have been achieved which indicate that the surgeon may take the place of the policeman, the physician that of the judge, and that civilization will *prevent* rather than *punish* crime.

In the course of these experiments it was found that a very high percentage of the inmates of the prison were suffering from some abnormal condition of the encrodine or "internally secreting" glands, which empty directly into the blood stream It was learned that perpetrators of crimes of violence showed disturbance of the thyroid, the twin gland in the front of the neck which regulates growth, while forgers and similar criminals against property were found to have abnormal conditions in the pituitary. This is a pear-shaped body about the size of a bean, lying at the base of the brain.

Working with Dr. L. L. Stanley, San Quentin prison physician, Dr. Reynolds found that beneficial results were obtained, both in physical condition and mental outlook, when the glandular disorders were corrected. Approximately sixty were so treated by operation and by administration of gland extracts. Not one failed to respond to the treatments. These results with adults in the penitentiary led to two conclusions, the most important that have been made in the scientific study of crime:

First, that the "so-called" criminal instinct" may be removed from the minds of men and women, by the study and treatment of the encrodine-gland systems, in childhood or later.

Second, that potential criminality may be eliminated by the treatment of these glands in youth, whenever and wherever children are found to be suffering from such abnormal conditions.

In other words, it now seems not only possible but highly probable ,that malscretion (that is, a secretion which is too large or to small, or chemically unbalanced) of some gland that is responsible for the greater part of crime in the world.

"We are beginning to accept the fact that the criminal is not essentially 'bad'," said D. Reynolds, "but that he merely is a person who shows a departure from what society has established as the 'normal.' There is a growing belief among scientists, that in dealing with criminals, to much attention is paid to the mind and the emotions, and too little to the sources from which the mind and the emotions arise, and by which they are controlled.

"On the reasonable assumption that these sources exist in the functions of the body itself, and more specifically in the chemical functions of the body, the next logical step is to find the mechanism which controls the body's chemical activities.

"Evidence is that this mechanism exists in the encrodine glands—the glands of internal secretion, also known as the ductless glands, because their cells secrete directly into little blood vessels in the glands, without the aid of ducts. In connection with this reasoning, it seems quite obvious that any unbalanced condition of the chemistry of the body will lead to various and varying forms of unbalance in the mental and emotional outlook, and in the conduct (*i.e.*, behavior) o the person involved.

"The work at San Quentin leads logically to a study of the field from which all criminals are drawn: our children. It would be tremendously more advantageous to society to prevent the development of the criminal than to reform him after he is developed. Aside from the saving to humanity, the economic value to civilization of the salvaging of young lives, and the conversion of young minds to useful occupations, cannot be estimated.

"My work has taken me into the medical direction of two institutions, involving about two hundred childen. In virtually every 'backward" or 'wayward' child, boy or girl, I have been able to see a physical departure from normal. In many that as yet are neither backward nor wayward, I see evidence of the future development of abnormal conditions in the gland system. There is the child of low, often moronic, mind, who can do good work with his hands, but not with his brain. He is mistrained, and, because his mind does not respond to the training given him, he is called a 'dumb-bell' or worse. He goes out into the world unprepared to earn a living. He is drawn into a 'gang.' He is drawn into a hold-up, or gang-fight. The law gets him, and he, with an antisocial inclination in his subnormal mind becomes a criminal.

"Such a child should be discovered; his ancestry traced; his physical and mental history recorded; the cause of his mental condition found. He may not be, in fact he often is not, an obvious gland case, but in many, many instances he will be found possessed of an abnormal thyroid or pitutiary gland, and back of him will lie a history of ancestors similarly affected.

"Now, many children will show visible endocrine disturbances have pleasant types of minds, never brilliant, often below normal; but usually the best described as 'fat and good-natured.' Their obesity or extreme fatness can be reduced by the correction of their glandular disturbances, and with such reduction comes an increase in industry and ambition. The moronic mind cannot be improved, but it can be given a sound body, and it can be given training for work with the hands which will enable its possessor to maintain an honest place in society.

† † †

"What we must learn about children is why one becomes a criminal and another does not. Then we must treat the subnormal child, by medicine or by surgery, to restore the chemical balance of the body. This done, we must pepare him, or her, to earn a living, so that the economic incentive to crime, as well as the mental receptivity to criminal ideas, may be removed. By doing so we shall prevent crime. Indeed, we are already preventing it."

A NEW HAVEN LETTER FROM MME. NAVAS-REY

The Carmelite is to have no rest from me. I have just returned from a most exciting lecture by Paul Claudel, who as French ambassador and distributor of crosses of the Legion of Honor, interests Carmel not at all, but who as a protagonist of a new theatrical conception should interest Carmel very much.

Paul Claudel is not the typical French lecturer; very far from it. One of the younger professors in our department told us of his near-peasant origin, and I believe it. He is short and stocky; he has unbelievably little polish or grace. One can imagine him very well in a country cafe sitting with some customer and dickering over a *bol* of cider or *un verre de fine,* the price of some cattle, and not getting the worst of it. But, after all, Rodin was one just like him, and it is foolish not to remember it.

This man gives out, therefore, an impression of strength. He read his lecture, which by the way would make grace a very much more difficult objecttive to reach, if he cared about it. But one cannot imagine him caring at all about the effect he may have on the audience. His attitude was: I have something to say; take it or leave it!

He said nothing complimentary about Yale, its president or faculty, of the crosses he had bestowed, nor of the relations between France and the United States. And his message was not concerned with his native country, but with Richard Wagner, Max Reinhardt, Christopher Columbus, the movies, and the *Hof Oper* in Berlin!

At this point I must explain that the interpretation that I shall give of his message will be very inadequate for two reasons: in the first place, the material is extremely new and unfamiliar to me; and in the second, I am translating it from the French into English.

He began by attacking grand opera, saying it was doomed, and as the New York "Times" has been saying the same thing, he is evidently right. We all know that we are living in a rapidly changing world. And then he went on to express his viewpoint about the role of music in connection with the drama. He said that when Gemier put on *"L'Annonce faite d'Marie"* at the Theatre of the Champs Elysees, it was found necessary to add music to the scene in which the *pater familias* takes leave of his family and his servants before starting on a long journey. but music all the time grows boring. Here is where his training—yes, *training*, at the Imperial Theater at Tokyo, came in. (He was ambassador to Japan for several years.) immediately I was reminded of "The Yellow Jacket." Claudel says that music in the oriental drama is virtually an actor, although the means may be very crude. In Tokyo, it consisted solely of a very deep drum played by a silent little man. But it came to reinforce any emotional or important climax.

In the same way, use is made of the old Greek chorus, but slightly altered. Any circumstance, real or imaginary, is brought in to accentuate the psychological interest; in the case of "Christopher Columbus" any one of these and more: the immensity of the deep; the western skyline; the hesitations of Queen Isabella;the uncertainities that the expedition would ever start; the dove sent by the Holy Ghost; (I am NOT confusing Columbus with Noah; and Claudel is a fervent Catholic) the many disappointments and finally the huge ingratitude of the entire known world, which made Columbus in reality a beaten man. And so no static scenery or sets; the background is a surface upon which many moods, past, present and future, are shown. Here you recognize the cinema! Why yes! The lecture ended by a matter of fact statement—no rhetorique—that the cinema was America's contribution; but why not make it complete and take on this new drama as her own expression?

Ths is where Carmel enters. Grand Opera is very expensive, as well as no longer satisfying; the legitimate drama likewise. But this, upon which millions may be spent but which may also be satisfying at minimum cost? Both the Forest Theater, with its grandeus, and the Denny-Watrous Gallery, with its intimacy, to say nothing of the Golden Bough, all suggest themselves. . .

To return to Claudel. He said Richard Wagner had the right idea of the relation between music and the lines, but did not know how to apply it. Too much continuous music is boring; too many consecutive lines boring. It is nearly impossible to act satisfactorily while engaged in rendering an arduous solo. Further, Wagner transported without transition his audience from the prosaic world to that of make-believe; result, lack of satisfaction again, and tawdriness. Claudel and his musical associate, Darius Millot, are careful to make this change so gradual, that it is not felt. And as to the technique of composition, it follows the method, quite new of *elans et remissions.* I shall not attempt to translate these terms; you all know French; if you do not there are dictionaries. I might fail to carry the idea, and it is much more satisfactory for you to work out your own interpretation.

For my own part, it appears to me that this is an attempt to make the theatre dynamic and psychological.

The new work "Christopher Columbus" came out at the Yale University Press today; it was created as an order from a group of persons whose names were not revealed, but whose spokesman was Max Reinhardt. For some reason, it failed to satisfy them; plans were changed and it is to appear shortly at the *Hof Oper* in Berlin.

It may help the cause of world consciousness (past internationalism)! *Quien sabe?*

PLEDGE TO THE WIND — by ERNEST RUESS

(Ernest Ruess is a sixteen-year-old traveller, of varied talents, recently arrived in Carmel. The linoleum cut on the cover of this issue is an example of his work in black and white.)

Onward from vast uncharted spaces,
Forward through timeless voids,
Into all of us surges and races
The measureless might of the wind.

Strong sweeping from open plains,
Keen and pure from mountains heights,
Freshly blowing after rains,
It welds itself into our souls.

In the steep silence of thin blue air,
High on a lonly cliff-ledge,
Where the air has a clear, clean rarity,
I give to the wind. . . my pledge
"By the strength of my arm, by the sight of my eye,
By the skill of my fingers, I swear,
As long as life dwells in me, never will I
Follow any way but the sweeping way of the wind.

"I will feel the wind's buoyance until I die;
I will work with the wind's exhilaration;
I will search for its purity; and never will I
Follow any way but the sweeping way of the wind."

Here in the utter stillness,
High on a lonely cliff-ledge,
Where the air is trembling with lightning,
I have given the wind my pledge.

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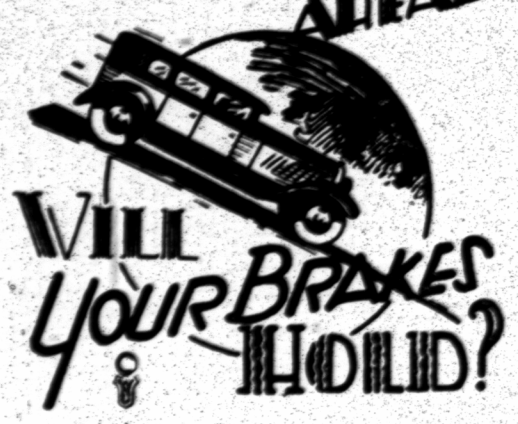

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week.)

The longer I stayed in Utah the more I liked it. In the smaller towns where I directed the amateur theatrical clubs, I found the people warm-hearted, kindly and generous. These Mormons were a revelation to me, for back East I had for years heard stuff that made one look upon Mormons as something not quite human. They may have had faults, they may have made errors in government, but there are several points on which they beat every other Christian creed that I know about. They have no poorhouses, they take good care of their old, and their widows and orphans; it isn't a charity with them, it's a duty. And now, mark you, you upholders of the Eighteenth Amendment, these Mormons have, as one of the pillars of their religion, total abstinence from alcohol; had it long before Maine went dry, and I found that they lived up to the spirit and the letter of the law their faith decreed.

I could go on for pages giving my praise for these people, but I've got to write about haps and mishaps of myself, so my hurrahs for them will close with this: I never found a kindlier people to the stranger within the gates than I did in Utah and in Shreveport, Louisiana (You remember that story about being broke in Shreveport, don't you?).

Of course, I was very low in funds many times during the year I was there—"low in funds" is a financier's way of saying "he's broke"——and, later on, I became a financial genius, if we are to believe an editorial in the Salt Lake "Tribune" during that year. The "Trib" was wrong—no genius was I; I was a young man with a lot of gall, and having a good memory, I was a successful liar.

The fiftieth anniversary of Utah's settlement was to be observed that year (1896) and everything bespoke the elaborate spending of money. Ah! That's where I'm needed. "Salt Air" was a magnificent pavilion built over the waters of the lake, and the popular resort of the city's citizens in summer. I guess it cost half a million dollars, which was a horrible lot of money in those days.

The president of the concern was a Mr. Nephi Clayton, a very capable man with a great charm of manner, but above all, a man who could look a joke in the eye and laugh with it even when the joke was on him—as you will see later. I called on Mr. Clayton and showed him the necessity of a fireworks exhibition at "Salt Air" on July fourth. He thought I was right and signed the contract I had prepared. I filled that contract with a lot of names that meant little but looked great in type. I explained to Clayton that I had to wire to New York for some of the stuff, but the truth was I bought it all right there in Salt Lake.

I know something about fireworks, but sent a letter to Frank Talbot in Denver, who knew a lot about handling them. He wired "O. K. Send fare." I answered, "Dig your own fare; I need every cent to buy fireworks." Two days later Frank arrived by freight.

There was a large platform in the water about a hundred yards in front of the pavilion, where we were to shoot from

Have you ever been thirsty? You have! No, you only think you have; you have no idea of thirst until you've licked salt from your lips every ten seconds for eight brutal hours. That's what a carpenter and I had to do one night on that fireworks platform.

Salt Lake is twenty-four per cent salt, the Pacific, I believe, is three per cent. The waves of Salt Lake are so heavy that in a big blow no boat can live in it—it batters them to pieces in no time at all. The carpenter, Joe Allen by name, and I were almost through constructing the chutes for the rockets when a storm blew in. It was one of those quick things. The boat in which we had rowed out was torn loose and a wave filled it at once, sinking it. That was bad enough, but the worst is to come: *our drinking water was in it*. There we were, stranded in the middle of Salt Lake.

A chap from the pavilion started out in a boat; the waves smashed the boat against the pilings before he was even

clear of them and he barely escaped with his life. One mouthful of that brine, boys, and it's "Curtain" for you.

Joe and I thought the storm would last about an hour and we'd be home in time for dinner. That was what we thought; but what happened was that the storm grew fiercer every minute, the waves higher, the spray thicker. Our clothes were soaked. The little gnats that rest on the surface of the lake in thousands were looking for a safe spot the same as we. Into our nostrils would come one bevy with a few dozen children, while a whole neighborhood of the pests would be moving, furniture and all, into our eyes and ears. That agony sounds tough, doesn't it? Why, dearly beloved, that was Paradise itself compared to what we were suffering inside. I have often wondered if the Inquisition, or those scientific torturers, the Chinese, ever thought of the very last word in agony and forced their victims to eat salt, eat just a couple of grains every few seconds? If they didn't, they missed a great bet, for that is exactly what we men did from five in the afternoon till one the next morning when we got over to the pavilion.

The spray from the waves was going six or more feet over the platform, through our clothes, into our faces. We were licking our lips with tongues, taking into our mouths and down our throats water that was eight times saltier than the water of the oceans. We tried not to, but unconsciously we'd try to ease our lips of the pain that the encrusted salt was causing, for in a couple of hours our lips commenced to crack open. Joe went "out of his head" twice and started to try and swim it. I had to land a hard one on the point and knock him out. If I had been alone I would most likely have tried the swimming thing myself, and that meant death.

The storm went down as quickly as it sprang up. At one o'clock a boat put off and soon we were on the pavilion. They told me later that we were both babbling and sobbing with a peculiar sound; we couldn't speak for the brine had swollen our throats and tongues.

The last train left for the city at eleven thirty, but they sent an extra one down and more than a hundred people were staying to see our rescue—or our finish. Dear old Charlie Auer, the caterer, stayed, as he said, "To see you had anything you wanted."

Now what was it we wanted to drink, to abate our torture. You can't guess; no one to whom I've told this story has ever guessed. We could have had anything, water to champagne but the only drink that either of us wanted was—coffee.

[TO BE CONTINUED

SHERIDAN IN A FILM EPIC OF THE RAILROADS

Frank Sheridan had been picturing for the past six weeks, and on his return home took a "bus-man's holiday." The first night home he heard that the Fox company were "shooting" on the municipal wharf and Frank promptly went over—not to watch, but to renew old acquaintance with William Harrigan who is playing opposite Lowe in the Coast Guard picture.

"Billy" Harrigan is the son of the late Edward Harrigan, one of the country's great character actors of his day, and originator of the present day musical comedy. More popular plays and songs were turned out by Edward Harrigan and Dave Braham (Billy's grandfather-maternal) than any other two writers of their period.

This interview was obtained from Frank as he sympathetically shivered as the Fox heroine plunged into the chill of Monterey Bay, for, as he said, "I had six nights of that stuff in "The Record Run"—a driving rain storm—and getting soaked on a cold night, over and over again, is far from being a sunny day in Carmel." "The Record Run" is a super-special made by the R.K.O. with Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong, Jean Arthur, and Sheridan in the principal roles, and judging by what Frank told of the production "Super" describes it.

"It is a railroad story of railroad men and women: their joys, and sorrows; tragedies and frolics and interspersed washouts, fires, floods, wrecks, life sacrifices and man against man hates.

The veteran actor continued:

"I can't begin to describe some of the big scenes, especially one like the washout, taken at night with a swollen river tearing at the road-bed, eating it away foot by foot; struggling men shouting to save 'Old Mother Railroad,' the mother who feeds the nation; panting locomotives seen through the haze of the torches that luridly light up the scene, the clouds of steam, the pelting rain, the gigantic looking Wolheim as he directs the workmen—it was a thing that was beautiful in its awfulness. Dante himself could not have described it, but Dore would have gloried in it.

"We did most of the railroad stuff in Miles City, Montana, and I never met a more delightful people than reside there. They gave us a warm-hearted hospitality the like of which one doesn't often find. My visit there will always remain a very pleasant memory with me. But Miles City is a charming lot of people and Carmel is home."

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HENRY COWELL ON CREATIVE MUSIC IN AMERICA

On Monday night last at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Henry Cowell spoke to an appreciative audience, on "Creative Music in America." This lecture was very well attended and was one of the most enjoyable of the series.

Cowell began by comparing the musical situation in America and in Europe. He felt that while music in Europe showed a decided tendency downhill, in America it was coming to the fore. He then made an interesting survey of the history of American Music.

In the nineteenth century it was merely a matter of liking or disliking any particular type of music. Its integrity was a matter which was not considered. America looked to Europe as the complete arbiter of style. European standards were the measure of good or bad in the musical world. The immediate result of this attitude was that American composers merely reflected European style and did little or nothing original. MacDowell was the first to feel the need of a music which would express America, but as he was pretty much a disciple of Grieg his music contained very little new material. Only in his titles could MacDowell claim to be distinctly American.

It began to be felt at this time, that a music distinctively American in essence must stem directly out of folk-music. But what was the folk-music of America? Some said it was the negro music forgetting that this again was borrowed and had nothing to do with primitive African rhythms.

Another group said that the true music of America must have for its basis Indian music, forgetting that the Indians are not our ancestors.

There is, however, a folk-music of our own people. The Kentucky mountain songs, the cowboy songs, and songs of the Middle West farmers are a rich field for the composer.

Cowell does not feel, however, that the music which will most completely express the American people will be developed from folk-music, because we are not a country of peasants.

In Europe, jazz is considered to be the only real musical contribution America has made. The talent for jazz is especially Jewish. It contains peculiar syncopation carried over by Jewish composers and players, from negro music.

Aaron Copeland has created his music by isolating the germ of jazz and building around that. He found that its characteristic rhythm was due more to cross accents than to syncopation. His music derives its success from making jazz music jazzier still. It is true to its own character while the music of George Gershwin sentimentalizes jazz music and therefore makes it false.

Cowell gives a careful analysis of the music of Charles Ives who displays a rare sense of freedom and improvisation, giving the player the choice of sometimes as many as four or five different interpretations. He spoke with great appreciation of the work of Carl Ruggles, who comes of several generations of Cape Cod sea captains. Ruggles writes with extraordinary preciseness, sometimes taking days to work out a few chords.

Some of the most important composers now working in America have come from Europe—of these Cowell felt Rudhyar and Varese to be the most significant and to be making the most permanent contributions.

Cowell laid particular emphasis on the value of experimentation, and because of the vitality of this in America he feels music to be more alive here than anywhere else in the world.

The evening closed with the playing of some of Cowell's own works, among which the following were particularly memorable: Antimony, Episode, Isn't it, and the Baushee.

In his lecture on Monday, July twenty-eighth, Cowell will go into the scientific elements in modern music and will discuss the interesting subject of overtones. He will illustrate his points at the piano.

D.H.

ILLUMINATING MUSICAL VAGUENESS

What does Henry Cowell propose to treat of in his discussion of the science of modern music next Monday evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery?

This much is gathered from a talk with the composer-pianist:

The science of music may seem to the layman to be far too abstruse a subject for him to glean much from. But Henry Cowell has made his plans with the layman particularly in mind. He will be constantly at the piano, and will illustrate each point at the keyboard. He will actually produce audibly at the piano the most significant overtones, and explain them so that one can hear which is which, and he will segregate them at the keyboard, cutting out the rest so that only the one he wishes to sound will remain. He will then show in simple terms just what influence these overtones have on musical tone-quality, and on the construction of modern chords, including his own "tone-clusters"

Cowell will also touch on the way radio tone is produced, and the tone of new electrical instruments. He will show the natural foundation of the different sorts of chords used by Schoenberg, Rudhyar, Scriabin and others. Following this exposition of misunderstood musical subjects, Cowell will play selections from his own works, which will illustrate some of the findings of his talk

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Asilomar Notes

By GAIL I. ANDREWS

Last Saturday and Sunday business and professional women held a conference at Asilomar. This meeting, the first of three planned for various sections of the state, was attended by fifty-six women, representing the central district of California. The object of this short conference was to plan for that section's part in the state conference to be held in Richmond in September. The advantages of this type of a conference is particularly noticeable in that it offers an opportunity for a more concentrated discussion that would be possible in the statewide meeting. One of the foremost problems discussed at the Asilomar meeting was the planning of a program to interest younger women in the B.P.W.C. Much discussion was in order on this subject and the related one of the advisability of forming junior clubs. Decision was against the latter because in the past such organizations have tended to alienate themselves from the parent club and lead separate existences. The B.P.W.C. were read a message from their state president, Dr. Mae Morse, who is at present attending the international conference of business and professional women at Geneva.

* * *

Saturday night the B.P.W.C. staged a "Get-acquainted" party and a number of clubs put on stunts. After the meeting they received a surprise serenade at the hands of the "Stuck-Ups" and "Pirates" of Asilomar.

Sunday afternoon the clubs were entertained with a very interesting romantic history of Monterey. Their story-teller was Laura Bride Powers of Monterey.

* * *

"The Stuck-Ups," young college women employed on the Asilomar grounds, are very active this summer. Together with the "Pirates," the college men, they have serenaded every conference, usually on the last night at Asilomar. They have staged several beach suppers and have taken trips to various parts of the peninsula. The Missionary Education Conference was entertained by a joint program of the "Stuck-Ups" and "Pirates" and the last of July will find the "Briney Breeze," the quarterly publication of the "Stuck-Ups," breaking into print. It is being edited by "Stuck-Up" Anna McLaughlin, a graduate of the University of Arizona.

July twenty-seventh the Episcopal Diocese of California will open their Summer School at Asilomar. Mr. Fred T. Foster is registrar and expects a large number to register for this conference summer school. The Episcopal session will last until August second when the Congregational Conference will open.

July eighteenth welcomed the Lutheran Bible Institute of California. These sessions which will last until July twenty-seventh are under the auspices of the Norwegian and Swedish Luther Leagues and the Bible School Committee of the Pacific District of the United Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church.

OPERA IN SAN FRANCISCO

Operatic works to be produced during the forthcoming season in San Francisco have been announced as follows. The dates are all in September:

"Manon" (in French)—eleventh.
"Salome" (in German)—twelfth.
"La Traviata" (in Italian)—thirteenth.
"The Girl of the Golden West" (in Italian)—fifteenth.
"La Boheme" (in Italian)—seventeenth.
"Hanse and Gretel" (in German) and "Naughty Boy's Dream" (in French)—nineteenth.
"Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian)—twentieth
"I Pagliacci" (in Italian)—also on the twentieth
"Mignon" (in French)—twenty-second.
"Tannhauser" (in German)—twenty-fourth.
"Faust" (in French)—twenty-fifth.
"Salome" (German)—twenty-seventh.

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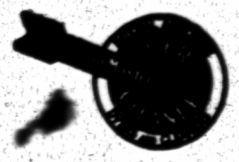

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OUR VIEWS

THE MISSING LINK (OR LETTER)

Nerves are being ruined. Minds are becoming destacted. Complaint ater complaint have been made. Something must be done. Well, before any drastic movements are made we shall tell you what it is. It is very complicated to find out, but here is how.

Get a ruler and a pencil first. Then measure down from the top bar of the heading above. Measure down one and one quarter first. Then measure across the border for exactly three and one quarter inches and if you have done it right you will come across the cause of the calamity. It is most serious. Threats have been made continually. People are talking seriously of osrtocizing something if it is not fixed. The editors have a solution, however. In the next issue, note carefully the heading and espeacially the missing link (or letter).

† † †

CAN YOU BEAT IT !?!?!?!?!

Just when it was keen, too. The river is slowly evaporating or soaking into the sand or something. But in the highest place it is only to your shoulders and the rest of it is knee-deep. It isn't much kick now, because you can't dive or anything. The reason it is in such a state is because the Carmel River that fills it is completely dry. (More than some people) And just to think that last week it was the best place in Carmel.

SCOUTS

The scouts met in the usual place, but the scout master was not there, so one of the higher scouts took charge of the meeting it opened by saying the scout oath, then business was attended to and William Millis brought up that scouts were wanted to help distribute posters, and then patrol business was held and then the scouts were told to meet in frount of the Carmel Garage to start for the overnight hike. After all the business was discussed, we played games and then we told stories of all kinds.

SIMPLE THINGS

Simple as things are, beauty comes with them.

Simple as the wods and flowers,

Simple as the geraniums. . .

Quiet as vacation-time and the birds singing everywhere.

And the lovely sun keeps on shining. . .

And the fog drips in.

Max Hagemeyer.

† † †

AWAY FROM THE FOG

As it was foggy last Sunday in Carmel, we decided to go up the valley. You go past the Stepheny Monument and the speak-easy and then go right along 'till you come to the sign which says to turn off. Then after a ride of about six miles over the mountains, you come to a sandy flat. It was aufull hot and so we hopped right into the pool which was not over our heads in the deepest part. There were tiny trout and every once in a while we would spot a big one and chase he, she o it but we never got one. Then there were those lovelv little water-dogs that are so cute. The swimming is keen and we dove off of the huge boulders that bordered the water. After swimming a long time we ate and hiked around a bit. The drive over the mountains is very scenic and interesting.

Any one who likes a warm climate and an interesting trip should visit it.

Opinions . . .

To have toll-gates at either end of town is the bunk. ..... J. S.

Prohibition is all wrong because liquere has to be made in secrecy, and so it is not pure, and causes much annoyance. ..... B. D.

I think that boys should go on camping and hunting trips to keep up their knowledge on the nature in the forrest. ..... D. W.

A TRIP THROUGH THE REDWOOD TREES

Think of the people in California that have never been in the best part of this State. One of these spots is the Santa Cruze Mountains where all the big redwood trees are. I will tell you of my trip and I hope that will convince you.

Firstwe went by way of Watsonville, and went through Santa Cruze, then we on winding until we got hungary, then began to hit the mountains where every thing looked green, it was a perfect day. We were soon winding in and out of the bigredwood trees. The road was very on winding until we got hungary, then good the hold trip that is not saying anything of the redwoods. We kept we stopped at a place called Big Trees where we ate. After we had etten we explored the grounds. (This place called Big Trees is a summer resourt.) Right in back of the eating house is a river and over the river is a swing bridge, on the other side of the river there are many big trees one of them has a tunnel that a person can walk through, the other big trees are dedicated to certain orders or individiual persons. There are also picnic tables and benches scattered in amongst the trees. I must say that there is good fishing in the streams that run ticed that there is golf courses right near the resourt of Big Trees. From there we went through a little town, and then to Brookdale where we stopped at Brookdale Lodge, where the worllds famos dinning room is, it is very large and has a stream running right through the middle of it and the tables are right beside the stream. We were walking around the grounds when we came across a swimming pool which looked very good. It is astonishing how tame the animals are in amounst the thees, I saw one squirrel walking along a cable, and you could almost walk up and touch the pigeons. I forgot to mention there is a miniature golf course in the grounds of the Brookdale Lodge and all the traps and the things that handycap you are

all made out of Redwood branches and logs that includs the trimings and etc. We went through Brookdale and passed many beautiful summer resourts. Then we turned off at Big Basin where all the big Redwood trees are. We soon met a big gate which had a sign on it that said "Prsured in a state of nature," and right beside the gate, was a ranger post. We kept on winding up and up and getting higher and higher until we finally got to the top of the mountain. Down below were the tops of great redwood trees, and also the greatpine trees. There was a great valley down below us which reminded me of Usemide, and I must say again it was a hand picked day the weather couldn't have been better. About four miles farther we met a construction camp where they served orange juice and the like, we got some and felt quite refreshed. A few miles more we came to the Skyline which was a good road, and had a wonderful view of the Bay.

I forgot to tell you I was going to San Francisco. The day we were there just the peaks of the high mountains were sticking up through the clouds, there were two distant peaks that I recognized they were Mt. Diablo and Mt. Tamalpais I can't discribe the view we got you would have to see it yourself, I can say truthfully that it was the most enjoyable trip I have ever had and ever hope to have, and that is saying something.

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STARTING A BUSINESS

By Jo SCHOENINGER

Charlie did not have much time to think the matter over because he was soon helping Mr. Priestly capture their prisoner. As soon as they had him safely hog-tied, Charlie rushed over and soon had the fire out with the aid of a few natives that had come over to see what the excitement was about.

As soon as Charlie got the fire out, he watched the prisoner while Mr. Priestly got the Sherrif. After a half hower or so the missionary returned and the sherrif arrested the rascal. The rest of that night was spent in talking the thing over and thinking very hard. They knew that the man would be kept for a period of many years. They also knew that the other Company would send a nother man down as soon as possible. As they were quite tired the next day they slept untill twelve and finally wakened to find themselves busily at work ened to find themselves busily at work on the store. They were about three-quarters way thru and were not only gettng their hopes aroused but were getting the building higher. They figured that they would finish it in about a week and then they would begin selling. Charlie referred to himself as "we" because Mr. Priestly and he were so intimate that he considered him his life-long friend.

Mr. Priestly never explained just how he was so quick to get the criminal that was setting Charlie's store on fire, or how he knew that the rascal was oppoating that night. Charlie had never seen the land arownd his store so he decided to let the building go for a day and travel about the country-side. So the next day he went with Mr. Priestly and took some food. They walked for several miles and then finally came to the other store. It was about the size of Charlie's but it looked a perfect pig-pen. Some of the windows were broken and there was no one arownd that would sell anything. They saw however, that it was padlocked very securely so that the natives would not swipe anything. They decided to go back when something knocked Charlie right in the face and sent him sprawling. When he came too, he found Mr. Priestly kneeling over him. "What hit me," he mumbled.

"I'm sorry, old chap," said Mr. Priestly, "I just had to do it or this would have gotten you right in the head." He showed Charlie a twenty-two bullet and told him that he had pulled it from a board near by. "I was in such a position," he explained, "that it was clear too see that it had been fired from the direction of the hut." Now Charlie had something to think about. The owner of the store was locked up and everything had been clear. Who shot the almost fatal bullet. Here was a mystery that would probably clear up a lot about the missionary and the owner of the other store. Charlie knew that it was up to him to solve it so he made some very good plans for the next day.

(*Continued next week.*)

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OVER THE FAIRY LINE

The Childrens play was at the Forest Theater on July the eighteenth and nineteenth. It was attended by an audience that for the most part, enjoyed it. It was a shame that more people did not attend it because we think that Carmel people should appreciate Miss Tolmie's efforts and the children that took part in it. The plot was concerning a girl that got over the fairy line in search of her boy-friend who was hiding there. The part of the little girl was played by Dorothy Woodward and she accomplished it with a very good movement. I think, however that it was a show that the very youngest would enjoy, much more than the older children or adults. The band was very good and so was the camera man, played by Patty Coblentze. The plot was a trifle weak, I thought, but it was a great deal of fun and the actors seemed to have a good time too. —Jo Schoeninger.

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RETURN OF BILL DURNEY

Bill Durney, former Assiciate Editor of The Carmelite Junior has returned from Petaluma where he has been spending his vacation. He will chase about town getting news and be the official Reporter of this page. So if you have any opinions or any copy please turn it in to him. Or if he is not to be found just bring it into the Carmelite Office.

† † †

The boy that ran into the barb-wire fence down at the river looked like the Carmelite Junior. . .full of cuts.

THE PLACE

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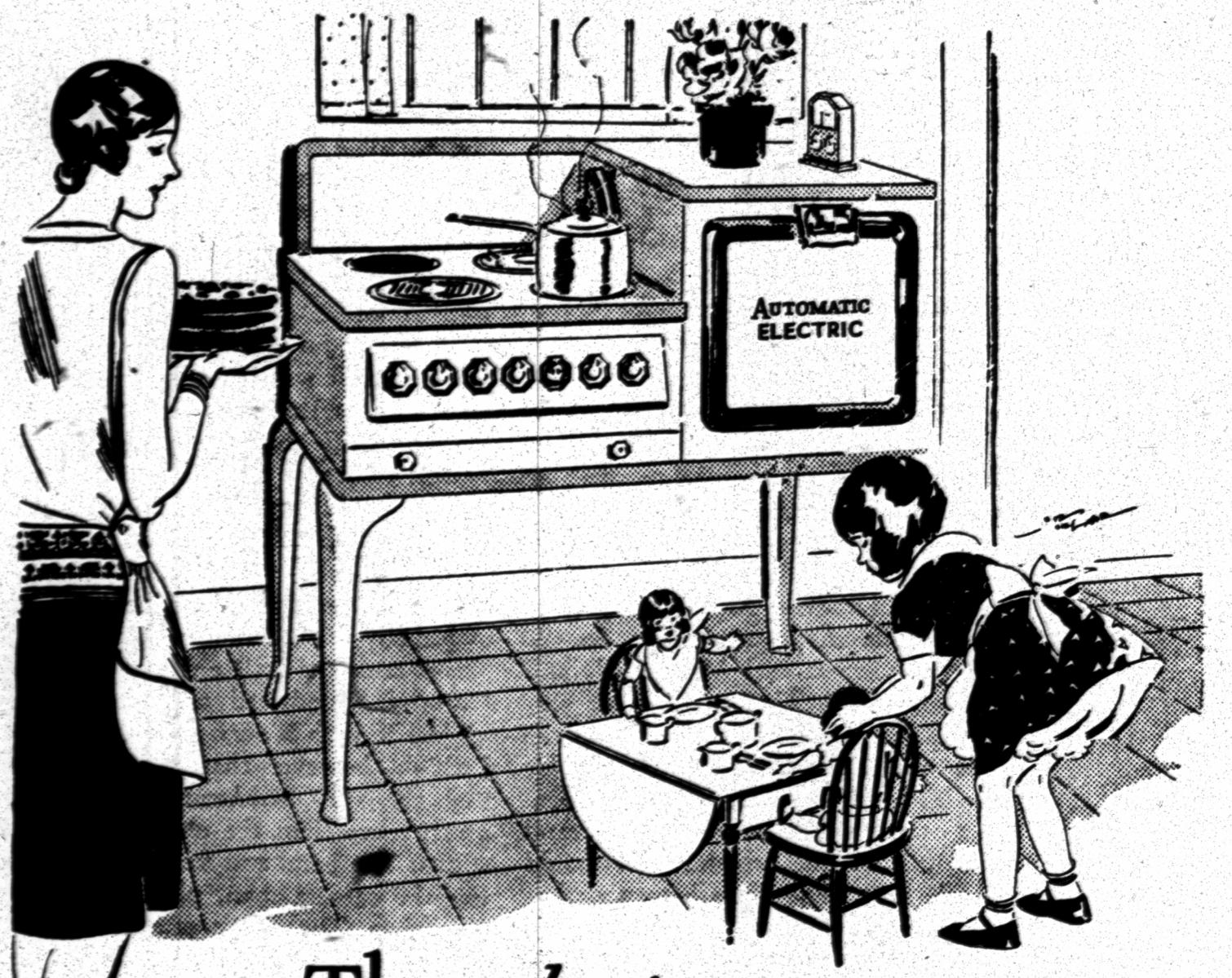

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